WANDERED MUCH, THEN WROTE

ZANE GREY'S PREPARATION FOR HIS FIRST BOOK.

"The Heritage of the Desert" a Picture of Life in the Southwest as He Saw It in Strange Regions—A Hunter and Baseball Player Before a Novelist.

Zane Grey, the new writer who with his "Heritage of the Desert" now enters the field of literature, has had an unusually picturesque career, and moreover possesses romance and love of the wilderness for a birthright.

"I was born in Zanesville, Ohio," he says, "where my father was fortunately early enough to have been a backwoodsman, hunter and farmer before he became a doctor. Zanesville itself was founded by Col. Ebenezer Zane, a direct ancestor of my mother, who settled in the Ohio Valley in 1769.

"He was an Indian fighter and held Fort Henry, which he founded and which is now Wheeling, W. Va., against the Indians for twenty years and withstood two sieges of Indians and British. He did so well that Gen. Washington gave him 10,000 acres of land to found towns on.

"Then there was Jonathan Zane, who had opportunities for a good time too. He was the companion of the Indian hunter Wetzel, and was the 'Lord Dunmore's Indian scout' of Revolutionary times. Jonathan blazed the trail from Wheeling to Kentucky called Zane's Trace, which later became a national road.

"But none of them had a more exciting time than Isaac Zane, who was held captive by the Wyandotte Indians for thirteen years and was eventually saved and married by their chief's daughter, thus giving us a strain of Indian blood. The town of Zanesfield, Ohio, now marks the spot of his captivity.

"But adventure was not confined to the men alone. In 1783 when Fort Henry was besieged by the British and Indians the garrison ran out of powder. The men in the outposts had plenty of powder, but between them and the fort were soldiers and red men, and no one but Elizabeth Zane dared run the gantlet of fire, which she did with an apronful of powder and saved the fort. Betty Zane's gunpowder exploit is a prominent bit in frontier history."

The author was for a time rather hard put to it to satisfy his inherited taste for romance and adventure.

"I was fond of books, especially Scott and Cooper, of course," he says, "but I fear I preferred swimming, fishing and hunting to school or work in those Zanesville schooldays. And I early turned to baseball—amateur, college and professional.

"I began pitching for the Columbus Latin School and then went over to the Ohio Wesleyan University. The most important part of my University of Pennsylvania career was the playing outfield for three years. I was a member of the Orange Athletic Club of East Orange, N. J., and played professional ball on the Newark Eastern League team, for the Findlay Tri-State League and the Jackson Michigan League. I liked baseball and wanted to go into it in earnest, into major league work, but my parents dissuaded me.

"Some of my most thrilling baseball experiences had to do with obscure events. On one occasion I was pitching a game for one country team against another. It was before the curve ball was known in rural districts, and I pitched the curves.

"The opposing team could not bat them; they were nonplussed and then angry and then wild—of that brand of ultra wildness known only in baseball circles. At last they accused me of throwing a crooked ball, called the game 9 to 0 in their favor and chased me, minus part of my clothes, out of town.

"I think the high spot in my baseball remembrances, however, is the time I lost, in a most unusual manner, a close and exciting game to Harvard. I was playing left field for Pennsylvania. Along the left field foul line was a track used by runners and jumpers, and the ground-keeper had neglected to fill up the holes dug by the track athletes' spiked shoes.

"In the ninth inning with the score tied and excitement at tension, Harvard at bat and the bases full Scannel hit a high fly to left field. The Pennsylvania adherents expected a sure out; I was a sure catch. I looked up to catch the ball—and stepped into the hole. The ball hit me on the head, bounced clear into the bleachers and all the runners scored. I'll never forget that day."

After giving up baseball the young seeker after adventure turned to other fields, and found them diversely situated.

"I hunted and fished in Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, New Mexico, California, Lower California, Mexico, Yucatan, the West Indies and Canada," he says. "I canoed down the rivers, fished for black seabass and tuna at Catalina Island, and off Coronado in the Pacific, fished and shot along the Gulf of Mexico and the banks of the Panuco and the Tamesi, Mexican rivers.

"One of the best trips of all was a wild one down a river whose name I don't know, in the jungle of Terra Caliente in Mexico, where I shot deer, javelin, which is wild boar; tigre, which is jaguar; crocodile, alligator, and in addition saw millions of wonderful seafowl. Almost as good was a sea trip I took with some Indian fishermen off the coast of Yucatan to a wild and dangerous coral reef where we fished for the giant cherno and picuda."

After his journeyings about in tropical Mexico and the Caribbean he found in the strange regions of southern Utah and northern Arizona what appealed to him most—the picture of the patriarchal life of the region, embodying a struggle for existence against the background of mountains and cañons and adjoining desert distances blazing under the pitiless desert sun.

"I made several trips into the Grand Cañon country with Buffalo Jones, the old plainsman," he says. "We crossed the cañon at its head, at Bright Angel Trail and at Mystic Spring Trail. With Mormons as guides I went into the desert by way of Flagstaff and took the old trail through the Painted Desert of the Navajos, crossing the river at what is called Lee's Ferry.

"This is the famous crossing of the Navajos, where also the Mormons crossed during the exodus, and where Lee, the Mormon refugee, went into hiding after the Mountain Meadow massacre. The Painted Desert lies north of the Little Colorado River, east of the cañon, and takes its name from its brilliant coloring of sand and stone. It is inhabited by the Moki and Navajo Indian tribes, largely prosperous, the country of the latter tribe extending over the Arizona State line into Utah.

"Years ago they hunted deer across the cañon and into the forests of Buckskin Mountain, but it is now forbidden by the Government. They are sun worshippers, praying and chanting to the rising sun, and, once fierce and savage like the Apaches, they are still generally wild, intolerant of the white man and nomadic. They live in little enclosed valleys off the trails and seldom meet traders, for though poor they do not care to trade or sell. They are the true desert wanderers.

"I spent some time among the Navajos and Mormons in the wildest part of the desert, staying at Lee's Ferry for a while and in several of the Mormon villages of southern Utah. I lived with the sheepherders and cattlemen, camped with wild horse wranglers and cowboys, chased wild horses and mustangs, hunted deer and bear all over Buckskin Mountain, a plateau a hundred miles long, and explored the wild north rim cañon; helped Buffalo Jones drive his herd of buffalo and catalo and lassoed mountain lions with him; found new cliff dwellings and cliff paintings and tombs. Then I wrote my book."

The adventurer-author is at present hiding in the recesses of wild New Jersey, living in a sequestered cabin. What material of romance he finds there he does not disclose.

STORY OF A MANUSCRIPT.

Adventures of a Play in Four Acts as Related by Itself.

Keble Howard contributes "The Autobiography of a Chrysalis" to the last number of *Printers' Pie* of London.

"I am a very clever play in four acts," he writes, "but still in the chrysalis or manuscript stage.

"I have this advantage over the human autobiographer, that I am able to record my life history from the very moment of conception. I was born two minutes later on the back of a receipt. (It might so easily have been the usual bill or envelope.)

"The first dealer to whom my father submitted me turned me over and over for a week. I gathered from his muttered comments that I attracted and yet repelled him. Technically, he told his wife, I was perfect. Theoretically I was very interesting. He feared, however, lest I should clash with the other specimens in his cabinet. * * * I returned to my father with a flattering letter.

"The second dealer simply raved about me. I was perfect, even in chrysalis form. He must obtain possession of me at all costs. He sent for my father and shook him by the hand for at least five minutes. I was copyrighted at the enthusiastic dealer's expense in England and America. At that lovely moment I was actually on view to the public—the price of admission being two guineas.

"Yet I was allowed to remain a chrysalis.

"The third dealer was a lady. This was odd, for my father had always meant me to appeal to a gentleman dealer. But the lady dealer was broad minded and was about to open a dear little shop in a dear little street off the beaten track for broad minded patrons. She bought an option on me for a year.

"My father of course danced for joy. At last he would see my gay wings, over which he had spent so much loving labor, fluttering before the footlights.

"Alas! The lady found other and more fascinating chrysalides specially designed for lady dealers. The year was allowed to elapse. Once again I returned to my father.

"He did not despair. He must be something of a philosopher. Within twenty-four hours I was on my way to the shop of a dealer who makes it his business to encourage new specimens. He was delighted with me. His delight, I may say, left me calm. I was becoming accustomed to arousing enthusiasm.

"The enterprising dealer suggested an experiment to my father. I was to emerge, in tentative fashion, from the chrysalis stage. If I came up to expectations I should develop into a full fledged butterfly. If I did not I was to die the death. My father declined to fall in with the suggestion. He knew the danger of these experiments. He took me home with him in his pocket.

"A week or two later he met a clever young connoisseur who was trying to raise enough capital to become a dealer on his own account. My father submitted me to his inspection.

"The young connoisseur went nearly mad with delight. He showed me to his wife, and they sat up half the night singing my praises. My father, who was now growing cynical, spoke of money down. It was not forthcoming. The spirit of the young connoisseur was willing, but his backing was weak. I returned to my father.

"But the young connoisseur, a good and sincere fellow, did not let me languish in a drawer for long. He obtained my father's permission to show me to an American dealer who had recently arrived in this country. The American dealer said such nice things about me I fully expected to burst my bonds there and then. Even my father was sanguine that the end of the chrysalis stage was reached. The young connoisseur was certain about it.

"We were all wrong. The plans of the American dealer were incomplete. They are still incomplete. And I am still a chrysalis.

"As for my father, he has turned his attention to other specimens. Between ourselves, though, I know that I am still his favorite."

IRVING AND PAYNE.

Attempt of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home" to Get Into the Magazines.

Breathing jocose threat is a letter from Washington Irving to John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," written some time prior to 1821, when Irving and Payne were both in London and one of Payne's plays was shortly to have its first production. The letter is printed in "Correspondence of Irving and Payne" in the October *Scribner's*. It is as follows:

DEAR PAYNE: I find you have many applications for orders and should feel delicate about applying for any—but I know they cost you nothing, and that you are anxious to have your friends present. I mean to get Newton and Leslie to accompany me and make a party to persuade the folks not to hiss. If you can furnish us with orders so; if not we will go at our own expense and consider ourselves at liberty to hiss as much as we please.

We will call at your lodgings on our way to the theatre; if you have spare orders leave them for us. I wish to hold out no menaces, but I have in my possession a catcall that has been of potent service in helping to damn half a score of new tragedies. Yours truly, W. IRVING.

In regard to essaying literary work Payne writes from Paris to Irving at London March 30, 1822:

First, with regard to the magazines. I send a manuscript which I chanced to have by me. It is a free translation, but make no ceremony about it if you think it won't do. If it will, you can take anything you can get for it, no matter how little.

I will write an article on the theatres and try and send it to you in a few days, as Kenny talks of going over in a week or so. I think a regular number to be called "The Story Teller," or some name of that sort, might be kept up in a magazine, making an introduction, and giving a monthly portion to the extent of what I now send. The little tales I have mentioned would be very easily done. You will be able from the manuscript to tell me how much of such writing would make a sheet, and that will be a guide as to measure. I think the little scraps of jeu d'esprit and anecdote, of which every magazine and paper here has at least half a column, if judiciously selected and thrown into one focus would make another excellent permanent and spirituelle contribution, to be headed "Flashes," or "Sparkles," or anything you like. * * * this I will try as soon as I can get a little beforehand in money matters.

And Irving "makes no ceremony," as requested.

"I want to see you swimming without corks," he writes in reply—"throwing by translations and reconstructions and writing something from your own brain. A set of essays, tales, &c., taken from your own dramatic experience and invention would be more likely to succeed than anything you could translate."

And the magazines were evidently as hard to please in those days as these.

"The manuscript you sent me," continues Irving, "I could not get anything for at the London magazines to which I applied. They thought the stories had not sufficient interest and point and would prefer something not so merely translation."

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

prises in which they operated of the systems they describe.

A biological classic, Prof. Hugo de Vries's treatise on "Intracellular Pangenesis," is published, together with his paper on "Fertilization and Hybridization," by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Both are translated by Prof. C. Stuart Gager of the University of Wisconsin. They are the most important contribution to science of the greatest living botanist and it is surprising that they should not have been translated into English before.

Bridge players will welcome an authoritative treatise on the game by a distinguished expert. The title, "The Principles, Rules and Laws of Auction Bridge," by J. B. Elwell (Charles Scribner's Sons), describes the book completely. It is characterized by the lucidity that marks the author's other bridge manuals.

In "The Healthful Art of Dancing" (Doubleday, Page and Company) Dr. Luther H. Gulick sings the praises of that form of physical exercise. It has found a place in the public schools, where there is perhaps a little too much of it. The picture of the elderly business men of Providence gracefully dancing the Highland fling is inspiring. The book lays stress, as is the fashion nowadays, on the value of national dances. It is interesting in its eagerness to demonstrate the utilitarian view of what was once an accomplishment and a pleasure. We hope that the enforcement of dancing will not make it unpopular.

To the "Modern Religious Problems" series, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Dr. Lewis Bayles Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary contributes a sketch of "The Early Religion of Israel." It is written in the spirit of modern investigation and of the new criticism and is very different from the older treatises.

Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," printed with red decorative borders, has been added to Duffield and Company's "Rubric" series.

There is a Francisco Ferrer Association in New York which honors the Barcelona socialist. It issues a pamphlet entitled "Francisco Ferrer: His Life, Work and Martyrdom," which includes likewise appreciations of the man and the work he undertook to do by admirers ranging from Haeckel and Anatole France to Emma Goldman and Hutchins Hapgood.

Picture Books.

The first sign of the coming of Christmas and the holiday season is the appearance of the colored picture albums. Two of these come to us from Charles Scribner's Sons. "Pictures in Color," by Harrison Fisher, a high folio, contains sixteen representations of the American girl engaged in the various pursuits in which she delights and a portrait of the artist. "Girls," by Henry Hutt, a quarto, includes many excellent pen and ink sketches with the chromolike colored pictures of young women.

Books Received.

"The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton." Allan McLane Hamilton. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Steamships and Their Stories." E. Keble Chatterton. (Cassell and Company, New York.)

"Gambetta. Life and Letters." P. B. Gheusi. (Appletons.)

"The Romance of Monaco and Its Rulers." Ethel Colburn Mayne. (John Lane Company.)

"Romantic California." Ernest Peixotto. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"A Voice From the Congo." Herbert Ward. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Joan of Arc." Grace James. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Spread Eagle." Gouverneur Morris. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Princess Sayrane." Edith Ogden Harrison. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

"Claybanger." Arnold Bennett. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"English Literature During the Lifetime of Shakespeare." Felix E. Schelling. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"The Finer Grain." Henry James. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Wolf, the Storm Leader." Frank Caldwell. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

"The Girl Who Lived in the Woods." Marjorie Benton Cooke. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)

"The Strange Case of Eleanor Curler." Kingsland Crosby. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

"The Frontiersman." H. A. Cody. (Hodder and Stoughton; George H. Doran Company.)

"My Brother's Keeper." Charles Tenney Jackson. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"First Love." Marie Van Vorst. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

"The Great God Gold." William Le Queux. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"Including Finalgin." Strickland W. Gillilan. (Forbes and Company, Chicago.)

"The Spirit of Romance." Ezra Pound. (J. M. Dent and Sons; E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Beauty of Every Day." J. R. Miller. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"Justice." John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Mary Magdalene." Maurice Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

"Edward Garrett." Harry Porter. (Lincoln Publishing Company, Boston.)

"Songs and Sonnets." Webster Ford. (The Rooks Press, Chicago.)

"Christmas in Spain." Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy. (Dana Estes and Company, Boston.)

"Helen With the High Hand." Arnold Bennett. (George H. Doran Company.)

"Poetische Auslese." Hugo Andriessen. (B. Andriessen, Beaver, Penn.)

"The Getting of Wisdom." Henry Handel Richardson. (Duffield and Company.)

"Leaders of Socialism." G. R. S. Taylor. (Duffield and Company.)

"A Fleshless Diet." J. L. Buttner, M. D. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"The German Spy System in France." Paul Lanoir. (Mills and Boos, London.)

"Songs of the Army of the Night." Francis Adams. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

"The Gospel at Work in Modern Life." Robert Whitaker. (The Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia.)

"Maybloom and Myrtle." Samuel Minton Peck. (Dana Estes and Company.)

"The Hill o' Dreams." Helen Lanyon. (John Lane Company.)

"Making Faces." Herschel Williams. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)

"My Advice Book." Herschel Williams. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)

"Ernstes und Heiteres." Josefa Schrakamp. (American Book Company.)

"Easy Standard French." Victor E. Francois, Ph. D. (American Book Company.)

"Speaking and Writing, Book Two." William H. Maxwell, Emma L. Johnston and Madeline D. Barnum. (American Book Company.)

"Anne Kempburn, Truthseeker." Marguerite Bryant. (Duffield and Company.)

"Rewards and Fairies." Rudyard Kipling. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Lands of the Tamed Turks." Blair Jackel. (L. C. Page and Company, New York.)

"A Chariot of Fire." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Harpers.)

"Fraternity." (Harpers.)

"The Young Forester." Zane Grey. (Harpers.)

"The Island of Stone Money." William Henry Furness, 3d. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Class Teaching and Management." William Fairbrook Chancellor. (Harpers.)

"A History of Japanese Colour prints." W. von Seidlitz. (William Heinemann, J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"The Holland Land Co. and Canal Construction in Western New York." (Buffalo Historical Society, Buffalo.)

"Harmen Pols." Maarten Maartens. (John Lane Company.)

"Rambles in Spain." John D. Fitz-Gerald, Ph. D. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

BROWNING WENT HUNGRY.

A Good Dinner Before Him, but He Preferred Talking to Eating.

"What a Frenchman loves in conversation," writes C. E. Hallé in 'Notes of a Painter's Life,' "is to give and take the rapid exchange of sally and repartee; an Englishman likes a long break, to hold the balls, if possible, the whole evening himself.

"I have heard many of the best speakers, like Gladstone, Browning, Brookfield, Matthew Arnold, Leighton, and many others, and it was always the same thing, the one who got the ear of the table held on tight and gave no one else a chance.

"Well do I remember a dinner at the house of Mr. Benzon, when I happened to be sitting between Browning and Brookfield. Millais and Leighton were also there. Benzon was noted for his good dinners, and most of the guests incautiously began to eat.

"Not so Browning; he talked and went on talking all through dinner until nearly the end, when the pangs of hunger could no longer be resisted, and he put something into his mouth. Brookfield saw his chance and began to talk, but Browning leaned across me, seized Brookfield by the arm, stopped him, and continued what he had to say to the end of the dinner."